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JOHN JANKIN'S SERMON.

The minister said last night, says he,
"Don't be afraid of givin';
If your life ain't nothin' to other folks,
Why, what's the use of livin'?"
And that's what I say to wife, says I,
There's the Brown, the mis'erable sinner,
He'd sooner a beggar would starve than give
A cent toward buyin' a dinner.
I tell you our minister's prime, he is,
But I couldn't quite determine,
When I heard him a-givin' it right and left,
Just who was hit by his sermon.
Of course, there couldn't be no mistake
When he talked of long winded-prayin',
For Peters and Johnson, they sat and scowled
At every word he was sayin'.
And the minister, he went on to say,
"There's various kinds o' cheatin',
And religion's as good for every day
As it is to bring to meetin'."
I don't think much of a man that gives
The Lord amens at my preachin',
And spends his time the followin' week
In cheatin' and overcheatin'.
I guess that dose was bitter enough
For a man like Jones to swallow;
But I noticed he didn't open his mouth,
Not once, after that, to holler,
Hurrah! says I, for the minister,
Of course I said it quiet;
Give us some more of this open talk;
It's very refreshing diet.
The minister hit 'em all every time;
And when he spoke o' fashion,
And a-riggin' out in bows and things,
As woman's rulin' passion,
And a-comin' to church to see the styles,
I couldn't help a-winkin'.
And a-nudgin' my wife, says I, "That's you."
And I guess it sot her thinkin'.
Says I to myself, that sermon's pat;
But man is a queer creation;
And I'm much afraid that most o' the folks
Wont take the application.
Now if he had said a word about
My personal mode o' sinnin',
I'd have gone to work to right myself,
And not set here a-grinnin'.
Just then the minister says, says he,
"And now I've come to the fellers
Who've lost this shower by usin' their friends
As sort o' moral umbrellers.
Go home," says he, "and find your faults,
Instead of huntin' your brothers',
Go home," says he, "and wear the coats
You've tried to fit for others."
My wife, she nudged, and Brown, he winked,
And there was lots o' smilin',
And lots o' looking at our pew;
It sot my blood a-billin'.
Says I to myself, Our minister
Is gittin' a little bitter;
I'll tell him when meetin's out that I
Aint at all that kind of a critter.

MR. FINNEGAN'S WEDDING.

THE District Attorney of Murderer's
Bar stood up to his knees in the Yuba.
But as his rubber boots came as high as his
hips there was no fear of his getting wet,
as he made the muddy river muddier by
his unceasing labor at the rocker.
Distance lent beauty and picturesqueness
to the District Attorney. A near view
disclosed several details that were not
creditable to the guardian of the legal hon-
or of Murderer's Bar. His red shirt, that
a hundred feet off would have set an artist
to sketching incontinently, at ten would
have made a laundryman groan. At photo-
graph distance his mother would have
wept, for although the District Attorney
had only been away from Yale two years,
and in California one, his nose had acquired
a color that, like the hue of a choice meers-
chaum, could only have been gained by
steady effort. If the parson of his native
town could have been concealed on the
bank of the Yuba, he would have changed
his opinion of the District Attorney's natu-
ral piety, for although the young man was
of excellent family, he took a clay pipe
from between his teeth and swore ably at

the poor results of an hour's hard washing,
lying in the bottom of the rocker. Then
he looked up at the sun and transferred his
profanity to that body, as he took off his
slouched hat and wiped his forehead with
his sleeve. As the District Attorney thus
stood scratching his matted head, a bravely
arrayed figure, bestriding a gayly caparisoned
mule, trotted down the bank and
cried out:

"I say, sur, are ye the boss lawyer ov
the Bar?"
"I am," said the District Attorney,
putting on his hat.
"Are ye on the marry?" the stranger
asked pleasantly, as he got off the mule and
took a seat on a rock by the water's edge.
"Eh?"
"Is marryin' in yer line?"
"I don't catch your meaning," said the
District Attorney, anxiously.

"I mean have ye iver done any marry-
in' yerself," explained the stranger,
leisurely cutting a pipeful from a plug of
tobacco.
"Well, no," said the District Attorney.
"Why?"
"Bekase I'd like ye to splice myself an'
Mary Brady over at the Flat the night—
Mary, ye know, daughter of Ould Brady,
what keeps the deadfall—kin ye do it?"
"Oh, certainly," said the District At-
torney, without hesitation.

"Well, come on thin—there's a horse
fur ye at the cabin beyant."

Brown, who is a distinguished lawyer
now with no bad habits, had his doubts
about it. He had never heard of a district
attorney marrying people before. But he
remorsefully reflected that his studies in
his profession had not been profound. Any-
way, it was reasonable to suppose that
law, like morals and religion, might relax
in the California atmosphere on this occa-
sion. And so Brown has said, "I made
up my mind to risk it and go with Mr.
Finnegan over to the Flat. Besides, I
have always prided myself on a good mem-
ory, so I hadn't any doubt, after my pious
bringing up, that I could remember the
marriage service perfectly."

The wedding was to be celebrated at the
Cosmopolitan Saloon—Mr. Finnegan had
been irreverent in calling it a dead-fall—
and the District Attorney found a large
and tipsy company making a tremendous
noise and pledging the expectant bride in
raw rum, pending the arrival of the bride-
groom, and himself. The company was
larger than select. The whole male popu-
lation of the Flat had come out as a matter
of course, despising the formality of wait-
ing for invitations. There were only three
ladies—the bride and her mother and Mrs.
General Hardinge—the wife of General
Hardinge, who was stopping for a few
weeks at the Flat, with a view to invest-
ment. Mr. Brady having gotten money
and lands, by means of the Cosmopolitan,
took an interest in the General, and his
beautiful dressed lady got an invitation.
There were several other ladies living at
the Flat, but I regret to say they were not
such as could be invited to a wedding.

It was a very lively assemblage indeed.
Old Brady himself could hardly keep his
feet, and refused to charge for his rum—
something that is handed down in the
Flat to this day—for when Mr. Brady was
sober or even ordinarily drunk, he was a
great skinflint. The boys were sitting
round the tables playing cards or standing
at the bar in knots. Everybody was speak-
ing at once, and everybody was anxious to
drink his glass with everybody else in hon-
or of the bride. The healthy young lass
sat between her mother and the General's
lady, who were perfect batteries of sorrow-
ing sympathy. Poor Miss Brady was red
as a piece of cinnamon, with the excitement
and the attention and an occasional bash-
ful sip of watered rum, a dozen tumblers
of which beverage were constantly extend-
ed by gallant hands. General Hardinge,
the only man present who wore a white
shirt, and his was very large and white in-
deed, kept near the blushing Miss Brady,
and roused the envy of every Flatter by
his suave manners and handsome person.
"Gintlinin, come to orther!" cried Mr.
Brady, thickly, and knocking a glass on
the counter in a shambling way; "the
lawyer's come."

A deep silence fell upon the bar-room
of the Cosmopolitan, as this important
truth was given forth. And great many
jaws dropped, and numerous pairs of arms
became burdens to their owners, as the
District Attorney gravely followed Mr.
Finnegan who, looking neither to the
right nor left, stalked solemnly to the
side of the bride. Everybody felt oppressed
and uncomfortable, somewhat as one feels
on being presented at Court, if ignorant of

the etiquette. General Hardinge, in his
slight embarrassment, smilingly lifted a
pack of cards and shuffled them mechan-
ically. One-eyed Jim, the gambler, took
advantage of the occasion to slip an ace up
his sleeve, and winked at General Har-
dinge when he saw that gentleman observ-
ing him.

"Hold on," murmured Mr. Brady,
swaying behind the bar, "Mr. Lawyer,
have a sup before the work." "Thank
you," said the District Attorney, glad
of any excuse for delay, for he found with
alarm that his memory was not near so
strong on the church service as he had
thought. But he knew that it wouldn't
do at all to look embarrassed, so he drank
gracefully to the bride, and taking on a
grave frown, he buttoned his shirt at the
neck, and turned to the gaping assem-
blage.

"The friends will please gather in a
circle." While this was being done on
tip-toe, the District Attorney scowled im-
pressively. "The gentleman and lady
about to be united in the holy bonds of
matrimony will now please to stand up—
the gentleman on the right and the lady
on the left—so. We will begin at your
convenience, madam."

This was addressed to the maternal
Brady, who, as if to add to the agony of
the purple bridegroom's position, had
thrown her arms about her daughter's neck
and set up a howl. The General's lady
came to the rescue, and drew off the fond
mother in the midst of her lamentations,
and soon the fearfully constrained silence
was restored.

"Dearly-beloved brethren, (hem)!" be-
gan the District Attorney in a sepulchral
tone, "dearly-beloved brethren;" he paused
again to blow his nose and scowl round
at the Flatters, who looked guilty—
"Dearly-beloved brethren, we are gather-
ed here in the sight of God, and in the face
of this company to—to—to—in fact to mar-
ry Mr. Finnegan and Miss Brady." The
District Attorney cleared his throat, and
seemed to challenge contradiction. "This
is commended of St. Paul to be honorable
among all men." Here the Attorney look-
ed solemnly around again. One or two
of the Flatters nodded assent, and Lanky
Tom went so far as to murmur, "You
bet, yer." "And therefore," continued
Brown, "is not to be entered into slightly,
but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly,
and in the fear of God, the laws of
California—and—" The District Attorney,
being in the mess again, had recourse to
his pocket handkerchief. The Flatters
improved the opportunity to relieve them-
selves by changing their positions and
sighing. Mr. Finnegan also drew out a
colored handkerchief to mop his brow, and
the bride accepted a sip from the tumbler
offered by the gallant General. Old Brady
still smiled stupidly behind the bar and
nodded approvingly.

"As I have said," resumed the Attorney
desperately, "It should not be entered
into lightly, but reverently, discreetly, and
—and—in short, Miss Brady, wilt thou
have this man to be thy wedded hus-
band?"

Miss Brady, after an anxious look at
the General's lady, murmured that she
would.

"And you, Mr. Finnegan—wilt thou
have this woman to be thy wedded wife?"

"Ay," said Mr. Finnegan, stoutly.

Again the District Attorney was hope-
lessly stuck. He scowled and pulled out
his handkerchief once more.

"And so you both say you will, do
you? Brown asked this as if clinching
some damaging admission of a witness.

"Yis, sur," said Mr. Finnegan, with
the air of standing by his colors at all haz-
ards.

"You do?"

"Yis, we do." Mr. Finnegan was be-
coming nettled. There was no time to
lose.

"Then hold up your hands. You,
Michael Finnegan, and you, Mary Brady,
do solemnly swear that you tell the whole
truth, nothing but the truth, and the truth
only, so help you God?"

"Yis," gasped Mr. Finnegan.

"Then, according to the laws of Cali-
fornia and the United States, I pronounce
you man and wife. And," added the Dis-
trict Attorney, with his eyes rolled up—
"What God hath joined let no man put
asunder—amen!"

No calm or decorous pen can describe
the extravagances of congratulation that
followed this impressive ceremony. Mr.
Brady half an hour afterwards was carried
up-stairs, and forty minutes later the
bridegroom was also borne to his chamber
insensible. After these to-be-expected

preliminaries the company settled down to
solid enjoyment. In three hours after
the retirement of the bride, every table
was a roof to at least one deeply slumbering
Flatter. By midnight only a party of four
had not succumbed. Their enjoyment was
poker. General Hardinge had One-eyed
Jim for a *vis-a-vis*, and the District At-
torney sat opposite Lanky Tom. They were
playing with that self-possessed excite-
ment and quick-eyed eagerness belonging
to old poker devotees.

"Bet an ounce," said the General, in the
professional low tone, and reaching over to
snuff the candle.

"I'm out," said the District Attorney, so
softly as scarcely to be heard above the
snores and gasps of the sleepers, who cov-
ered the floor.

"So'm I" said Lanky Tom, giving a
sharp little kick to a gentleman on whom
he was warming his feet for moving.

"See you ounce and raise you two,"
said One-eyed Jim.

"Five better," quoth the General.

"See it—call."

"Four kings."

"You stole 'em," said One-eyed Jim,
drawing his revolver and putting his hand
on the pile of gold.

"You lie," answered the General, and
shot him through the head.

It was done before poor One-eyed Jim
could raise his pistol, and as the General
would in all probability have been killed
himself, but for his promptness, nobody
can blame him. Whether or not he stole
the kings is another and irrelevant ques-
tion.

This was the view taken of it by the
Flat next morning, and as a public mani-
festation of confidence in the purity of the
General's motives, every Flatter felt it a
duty to ask the General to drink. And
then, poor One-eyed Jim had not been a
favorite at the Flat. His profession having
been poker, many of the Flatters recalled
sundry losses and had their private belief
in an over-ruling Providence strengthened.

But there was nothing mean about the
Flat. It cheerfully voted a holiday to
bury One-eyed Jim. The District Attorney
was again pressed into the service as Mas-
ter of the Ceremonies. A party was de-
tailed to dig the grave in an old claim that
had once been the property of the de-
ceased.

One-eyed Jim, in life, had a habit of
cursing this possession as the means of
driving him to poker, for he had never
seen the color in it after months of patient
working. Another party made up a
rough coffin for the body, and then, after a
solemn drink all round, the funeral cortege
left the Cosmopolitan—the coffin on a
rough bier, and General Hardinge follow-
ing, as chief mourner—for the General
feelingly declared that no one more than
himself regretted the gentleman's misfor-
tune.

The District Attorney began to think
he had mistaken his profession. Previous
to the funeral, and while drinking at the
bar with the General, he had confided to
that gentleman that the ministry might
have been a more congenial field. He also
made a secret resolve to brush up on the
sacraments. We may write it to the credit
of the District Attorney that he made no
pretense of following the burial service
over the body of poor One-eyed Jim. He
spoke movingly of the increased uncertain-
ty of life and the many accidents incident
peculiarly to this new Western civiliza-
tion. "The gentleman who has been the
unwilling cause of this unfortunate fellow-
citizen's decease," said the District At-
torney, looking soberly around among the
solemn crowd, and indicating the General,
who stood at the head of the grave, hat in
hand, with a woe-begone expression,
"must, while regretting the necessity,
thank God that no lower law than that
universal one of self-preservation has—"

At this instant, to the astonishment of
every one, the General threw up his hat
with a shout of joy and jumped into the
grave. In a second he stood up with his
head just above the surface, and called
aloud to the amazed crowd, as he exhibited
a half-ounce nugget: "Gentlemen, I give
notice that I take up this claim for sixty
yards, two hundred feet each side, with all
its dips, spurs, &c., according to the laws
of the mining district of Brady Flat."

The body of poor One-eyed Jim was not
buried that day, nor the next, nor the
next, for all Brady Flat was wild with
tearing up the ground of the new diggings
and taking out the chunks of gold that have
made the flat famous. Then the disagree-
able duty was done by the District At-
torney and Mr. Finnegan at night, in ground
that they made sure was not auriferous.

"That marriage of Finnegan's was a
lucky speculation for me," Mr. Brown
says, when talking of '49, "for, besides
getting seven hundred dollars from the
bridegroom for my services, I had a quar-
rel with the rascally General. He wasn't
so quick with me as he had been with poor
Jim, so I had the satisfaction of burying
him besides that poor fellow two days af-
ter, and then I jumped his claim and made
my fortune."

A Strange Case of Mistaken Identity.

A very remarkable case of mistaken
identity has just been revealed in Brook-
lyn.

The New York Herald of the 15th ult.,
says: On the morning of the 3d of July the
body of a man, about 30 years of age, was
found in the water at the foot of Vandyke
street. The hand of the deceased was
firmly secured by a rope to a satchel, and
the satchel was found to contain seven
large flat-irons. It was also discovered
that the deceased had a bullet-hole in his
head, and a box of percussion caps and
nineteen pistols cartridges in the hip
pockets of his pants. Some believed that
the man had committed suicide, while
others were of the opinion that he had
met his death by foul play. If he had
been murdered, it was argued, he would
have been robbed, but it was found on
searching his clothing that he had \$21 in
his possession. Strange as it may appear,
there was nothing about the body except
the clothing which would lead to his iden-
tity. Coroner Jones being notified, caused
the body to be moved to the Brooklyn
Morgue, where it was reviewed by a large
number of persons who had missing
friends, whose appearance corresponded
with that of the deceased.

Four days after the body had been
taken to the Morgue, a lady residing in
Grand street, E. D., whose son-in-law has
been missing for two or three weeks,
called at the morgue and positively recog-
nized the deceased as that of the miss-
ing man Charles Diehl. Diehl, she said,
had married her daughter contrary to her
wishes, and they had not lived very hap-
pily together. He went off, she said, in a
fit of anger, and had in all probability
committed suicide. His wife knowing
his disposition better than her mother did,
said "No," "if that is the body of Char-
ley he was murdered. He never committed
suicide, for it was not like him." The
uncle of Diehl also visited the morgue, as
well as others who knew him, and they
all were firmly convinced that the unfor-
tunate young man had come to a sad end.
His family were thrown in great grief
and set to work at once to make preparation
for his funeral. Diehl had been employed
as agent for the Atlantic Life Insurance
Company in New York, and being pretty
well known in the vicinity in which he
resided, the funeral was largely attended.
The body was put in the family plot and
Mrs. Diehl mourned the loss of a husband
to whom, with all his faults, she was
deeply attached, and dressed in the habil-
iments of a widow. Time wore on and
nothing occurred until yesterday to lead
her to suspect for a moment that she was
not a widow.

Yesterday, to her unbounded astonish-
ment, she received a letter from her hus-
band, who was, when he mailed the letter,
at Key West. He wrote that he regretted
leaving her so abruptly; regretted his
hasty temper; said he was well, and hoped
that nothing had occurred since his depart-
ure from the city that might cause her any
uneasiness further than what she might
feel concerning her erring husband.

It required considerable effort on the
part of Mrs. Diehl, to read the letter, for,
as may be imagined, she almost fainted.
She would have been more surprised had
her husband, whom she supposed dead and
buried in the family plot, walked in and
held out his hands to her, but the letter
was nearly as great. She had buried some
one for her husband—perhaps somebody
else's husband, and who could it be? Who
the man is who was buried by Mrs. Diehl,
is a mystery which will probably never be
solved, for now the remains have passed
beyond recognition.

Orin Dubois, a resident of San Jose,
California, had in his employ a young Chi-
naman cook. The Chinaman fell in love
with Dubois' daughter, aged seventeen,
but the young lady did not reciprocate the
passion. He obtained possession of her
photograph, and she demanded its return.
Last week he gave the picture back to her,
and in the same instant fired three shots
at her from a revolver. Her steel corsets
turned the bullets, and she escaped. The
Chinaman blew his own brains out.